

the Scribe

University of Bridgeport

Vol. 2, No. 14

December 16, 1982

25 Cents

How Burnt Are You?

**Too many exams, too many
classes, too many, too much, too late**

Well, it's that time of the year again. No, I'm not just talking about Christmas! I'm talking about finals! It's actually here, the end of the 1982 fall semester, and you are probably really burnt out either from studying or a little too much partying. But whatever the situation may be, the results are still the same.

Well, at the *Scribe* we decided to give you another test. Don't worry, you won't have to pull any all-nighters to do this one. This test is called the Burn-out checklist. It was given at an RA inservice meeting.

With a score of 14 or less you are a first degree burn-out. With a score of 15 to 19 you are a second degree burn-out. Above 20...well you better take it easy because you qualify as a third degree burn-out.

SCORING KEY

Often-2
Sometimes-1
Never-0

Do You:

1. feel tired most of the time?
2. smoke more?
3. over or under-eat?
4. suffer from frequent colds?
5. "have to have" 3 or more cups of coffee to get moving in the morning?
6. feel angry a lot but say nothing?
7. skip lunch or snatch it on the run?
8. have accumulated vacation days you have not used?
9. work overtime regularly?
10. get headaches?

11. feel bored?
12. "need a drink" at the end of the day?
13. feel as though what you do makes no difference?
14. get more satisfaction from work than from personal life?
15. feel stale and uncreative in your work?
16. give up on reading the professional literature?
17. need more sleep than usual?
18. have trouble sleeping?
19. have difficulty concentrating when listening to others?
20. complain alot?
21. see your life as all work and no play?
22. have trouble reading?
have trouble reading?
have trouble reading?



Photo by Annette Yukash

Groundswell Special Issue



**Poetry by Dick
Allen, Charles A.
Dana Professor of
English, and Douglas
Swift.**

**Fiction by George
Scombulis, Jacquie
Hers, and Diane R.
Severance.**

**Photos by Annette
Yukash, and George
Scombulis. See pg. 5**

Thanks, Marla, for all the time and effort you put into publishing the Scribe. Though we didn't always tell you, your help was greatly appreciated.

Good luck at your new school!

—The Staff

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OPA, In Christmas Spirit

By Diane Parady

Omega Phi Alpha, OPA, visited The Beardsley Home on Tuesday December 7.

Approximately fifteen members from the national service sorority visited the home located right across from the Health Center, a brown house with a wreath on the front door. It has ten rooms, six of which are occupied.

Serving as an alternative to a nursing home for the women who own it, has a house mother on duty twenty four hours, a cook and a yardman. The OPA girls introduced themselves, sang Christmas carols and helped decorate the tree.

Both groups enjoyed sandwiches, cookies and tea. "We had a great time," said Mary Madden, an OPA member. "The residents are warm and interesting people and I enjoyed meeting them."

TRY THE NAKED BEER TEST.

First of all, it's not you who gets naked, it's a bottle of Today's Schaefer.

What you do is strip off the label and ask a friend to try it. Don't let him (her?) know what beer it is.

What will happen is the same thing that happened when we tried it on beer drinkers in New York.

8 out of 10 liked it. They said it was a smooth, good tasting beer.

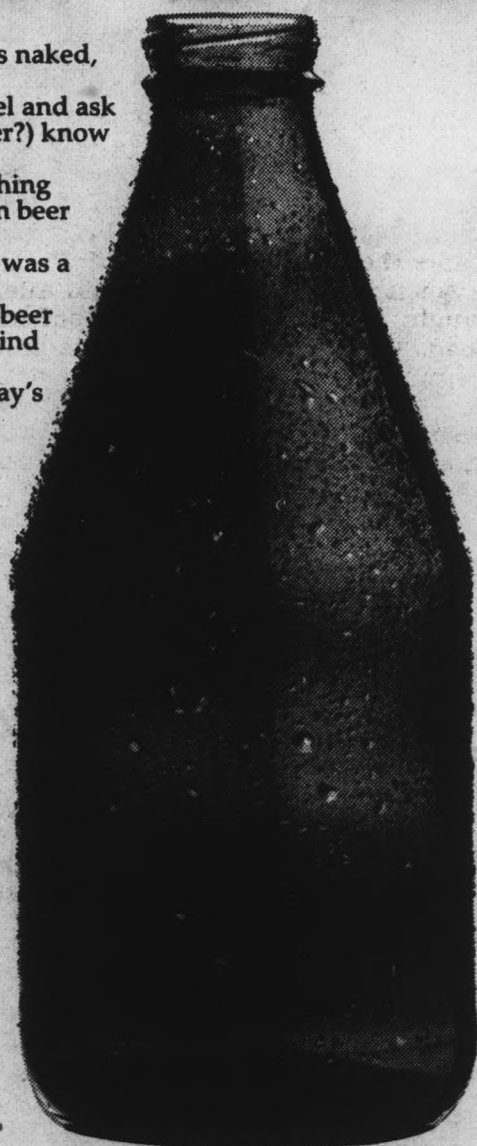
And when we tried it on more beer drinkers, they were surprised to find out it's Schaefer beer.

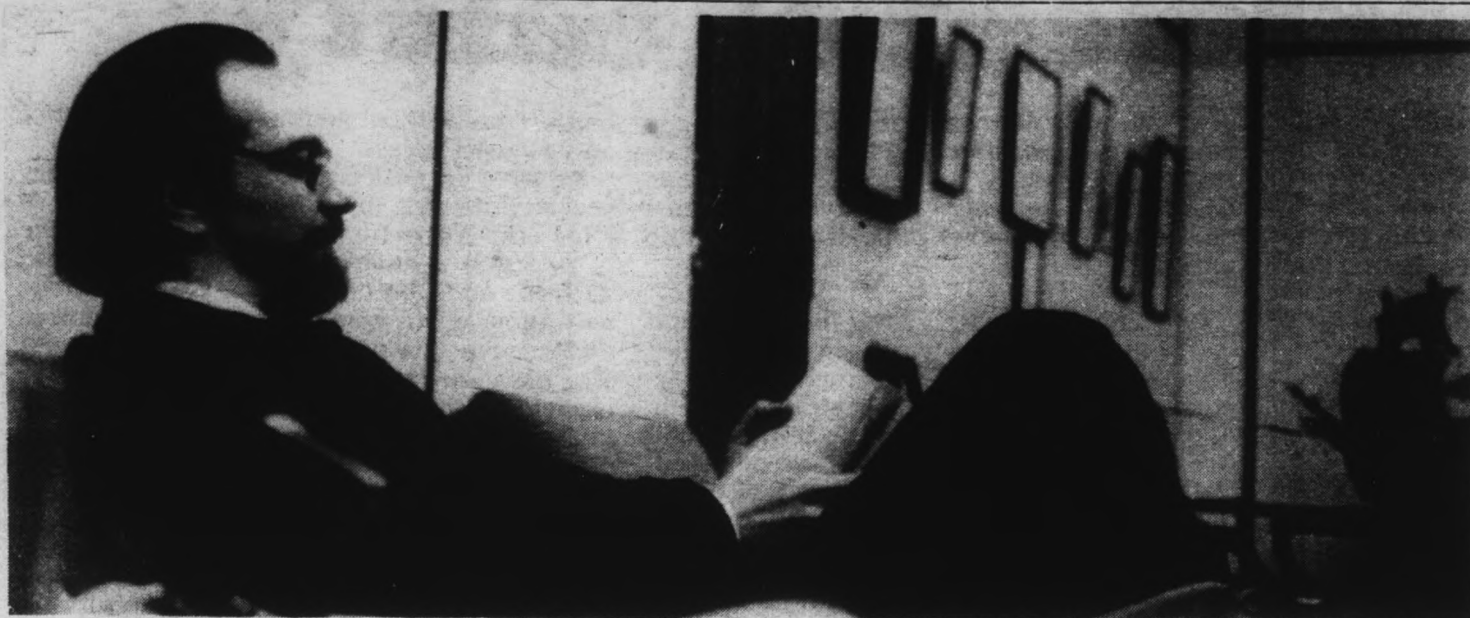
No surprise to us, though. Today's Schaefer is being brewed by the Stroh family, who have devoted their 200 years of brewing experience to making Schaefer better than ever.

Test it yourself before you try it on a friend.

Today's Schaefer will make a Schaefer drinker out of you.

Tell us about your naked beer test and we may print it. Write to: Schaefer Naked Beer Test, P.O. Box 1703, Grand Central Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10163.





Prof. Dick Allen's Poem, "Crossing the stars on New Years Eve," will be printed in the *New Yorker*, Jan. 1, 1983.
Photo by Lisa A. Sahulka

Dynamic, Diverse, Driven

by Sue Zavadsky

He may have helped you overcome your comma-splice tendency, or he may have taught you where a semi-colon really belongs, but Professor Dick Allen is much more than a freshman English teacher to most of his students, colleagues, and followers.

He is a poet. In addition to teaching Modern British-American Poetry here at UB, Allen is the author of two collections of poetry, *Anon and Various Time Machine Poems* (Delacorte and Delta, 1971), which has been highly praised by poets and critics, and *Regions with No Proper Names* (St. Martin's, 1975). Allen's poetry has also been published in most of America's leading magazines, including *The New Yorker* and *The Kenyon Review*. Allen has been honored with numerous poetry awards, such as the Academy of American Poets Prize and the Robert Frost Poetry Fellowship.

There seems to be a popular indifference to poetry in the United States. Allen attributes this to the modern poet himself. Allen feels that many poets are too far removed from their public.

"They have denied their responsibility as the prophets of our society," he said.

Allen has attempted to get away from this tendency, but in doing so, he has occasionally sacrificed his idea of the perfect image in order to meet the needs of his public. He also feels that the lasting poems of this century will probably be the lyrics of folk music, such as the songs of Bob Dylan, which speak to the people and to the times.

He is a science fiction authority. Not only does he teach science fiction at UB, but he said he is primarily responsible for making science fiction a respectable and important course of study in America's schools. The course that he teaches annually at UB (English 250) is a course which he created. The course was introduced to the UB curriculum in the late sixties as an English department seminar, and was met with so much enthusiasm that a major publishing company agreed to publish a textbook-anthology, which Allen edited, entitled *Science Fiction: The Future*. (Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 1971) The textbook became the basis for many science fiction courses taught in America and abroad. The number of science fiction courses has risen from about sixty to nearly two thousand. Allen has also edited other science fiction textbooks and teaching manuals, and much of

his poetry is dedicated to science fiction.

Science fiction is one of the world's most popular forms of literature, and, according to Allen, with good reason. To begin with, the quality of science fiction literature has improved greatly from the "junk" literature that it has been in the past. Although much of today's science fiction is still poor in quality, said Allen, "the good stuff is probably the most important writing that's going on now."

Many writers are finding it necessary to address "probably the one major issue in the world today...the imminent possibility of nuclear warfare and, quite possibly, the destruction of, at the very least, civilization."

Allen has been influenced considerably by the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson, particularly his essay entitled "Self-Reliance." "Believe in yourself and believe that your intuition about yourself and society is correct, and stick to it, even though nobody else believes you," said Allen. This has been a philosophy of his which is more than evident in his progress with science fiction. When the course was created and the text published, according to Allen, "the long popular ethic was not to be believed." But since then he has seen science fiction grow

from a somewhat neutral form of literature to a highly regarded literary branch.

And, of course, he is a teacher. Allen has been teaching here at UB for nearly fifteen years and he is a Charles A. Dana Professor of English. Allen seems to have an exceptionally sincere concern for his students. He takes an active interest in his students, assisting them in pursuits both in and out of class. He keeps a tight correspondence with former students, many of whom have achieved literary honors, such as the National Endowment for the Arts National Writing Fellowship, and the *Mademoiselle* Short Story Contest First Place in Fiction. In fact, one of his present poetry students, Doug Swift, has recently been awarded the Connecticut Poetry Circuit Award. Many of his students have been published in such major publications as *Redbook*, *Poetry*, and *The New York Times*.

Although the list of Allen's teaching fields is rather extensive (American and British literature, poetry, fiction, science fiction, drama writing, creative writing, composition, freshman English, and journalism), there is a course of study that is not being taught, but that he would like to see become part of the college curriculum. He would like

to develop and teach a course that involves religion and religious ethics and how they apply to twentieth century literature. "The central problems in the 1980's and 1990's are religious problems, and if anything is going to stop the kind of nuclear madness that we're in, it's going to be some form of religion—a unified form," he said.

He would like to approach the religious question of how to convince a world to trust and disarm.

"We're facing something that's utterly incomprehensible," Allen said. He would study literature without explicating the text. "I'd really like to know not how the author says something, but what does this author have to say to us that's going to help us survive."

Allen said he feels that there is a possibility that a course of this nature will be introduced into the UB curriculum, though he is not sure into which department the course would be accepted, since UB lacks a department of religious studies.

Allen has just completed a new collection of poems entitled *Overnight in the Guest House of the Mystic* (Louisiana State University Press), portions of which were presented to students and faculty members at the recent English department reading, and which should be in print by 1984.

In addition to his many other projects, Allen is currently working on an anthology of science fiction poetry—a book-length narrative sonnet sequence entitled *The Space Sonnets*. Also in preparation are another collection of poems, tentatively entitled *Janes Avenue*, and an anthology of Connecticut poetry.

Allen also has a novel in the back of his mind, but is hesitant to reveal its nature.

"It's so obvious that I wonder why nobody's spotted it yet," he said. However, he always seems to return to his poetry. Poetry is, in one way or another, connected to every facet of his life. "My love, my passion, is poetry."

HELP WANTED

The Housekeeping Division of the University Maintenance Department is in need of student employees. Duties consist of dusting and vacuuming floor.

Interested students should contact the Financial Aid Office for further details.

Towing of Vehicles

The Department of Public Safety would like to call your attention to the fact that a strict policy of towing vehicles parked in fire lanes is presently in effect at the request of the Bridgeport Fire Department. Continued compliance with this restriction has been met with excellent cooperation in residence hall areas and equal cooperation is anticipated at other locations, including, for example, Mandeville Annex (Bursar's Office), Marina Dining Hall, Cooper and Chaffee Halls, the Student Center, and Bernhard Arts and Humanities Center.

ADDITIONALLY, UNAUTHORIZED VEHICLES PARKED IN HANDICAPPED PARKING PLACES WITHIN UNIVERSITY LOTS, OR VEHICLES PARKED ON THE GRASS CAN ALSO EXPECT TO BE TOWED!

Thank you for your voluntary compliance with these essential regulations.

Department of Safety

This guest-written column will focus on non-academic student services of the University. We will try to answer a frequently asked question—"What does that office (or person) do on this campus?" The column will appear regularly and we invite your suggestions and comments. Today's guest columnist is Cornelius Carroll, Director of Public Safety.

The primary goals of the Department of Public Safety (DPS) are to encourage and perpetuate a safe and orderly campus environment, and to provide emergency assistance, as necessary, to our campus community. Striving to attain these goals is a patrol force of fourteen uniformed supervisors and security officers, supported by three full-time and two part-time dispatchers, and an administrative and clerical staff of three. Additionally, the permanent staff is augmented by a student patrol during the evening hours.

DPS is presently located in refurbished offices in Norseman Hall, and is open twenty-four hours a day, every day of the

year. We may be contacted on the campus emergency extension, 4911, or the administrative extensions, 4912 and 4913. Radio contact is constantly maintained between our offices, two patrol vehicles, and walking patrols.

DPS monitors vital fire, burglary, and boiler alarms, answers emergency and other phones, receives walk-in complaints or reports and, in response to this input, contacts or dispatches appropriate DPS, Building and Grounds, or other emergency and/or essential personnel. DPS also secures and opens buildings and rooms during other than regular hours and provides a repository for valuables whose temporary safekeeping may not otherwise be assured. In essence, our role is to assure a continuity of emergency and essential services to the campus community regardless of the time or the day.

Although DPS has recently undertaken an increased role in fire and accident prevention, programs in these areas are still largely in the planning stages. Therefore, the depart-

ment remains most visible through its' police and security roles.

Relative to police and security, five new security officers, including two women, have joined the patrol force within the past couple of weeks. It is anticipated that this, coupled with the addition of a second patrol vehicle, will allow us to assume a more preventive and less reactive police and security posture. We plan to reduce the opportunity for breaches of security rather than merely make reports of incidents that have already occurred. To this end, DPS has adopted a new reporting system that will allow analysis of campus security problems and, hopefully, will guide us in the development of new prevention programs.

Ultimately, the public safety effort is dependent on the support of the community it serves. Through the development of a climate of mutual trust and cooperation it is possible to realize a safe and orderly campus environment. We are ready! Give us a call! Let DPS give you a hand, and together we'll build a safer campus.

UB Student Wins Poetry Award

By Sue Zavadsky

On Wednesday, Dec. 1, Doug Swift received a letter notifying him that his poem was chosen as one of the five winners of the Connecticut Poetry Circuit Award.

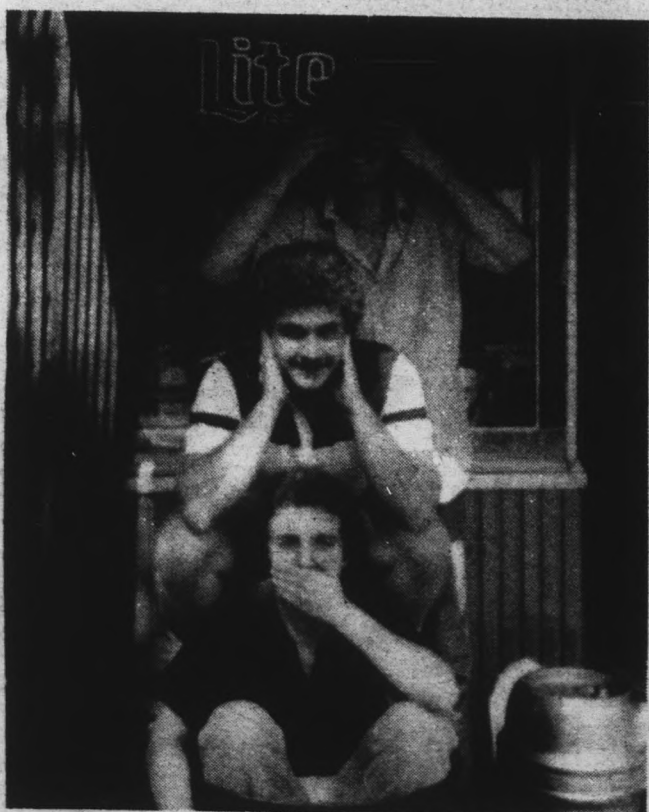
The contest is held once a year, and permits each college in the state to enter one poem written by one student, provided that college is on the circuit. There are currently eleven colleges on the circuit, including UB, which has had more winners of the award than any other college with the exception of Yale University. A panel of judges chooses the best five out of all the poems entered to be honored.

This year's winners will be visiting each college on the circuit to read their winning poems. The "circuit" will begin on Jan. 26 and end on March 3.

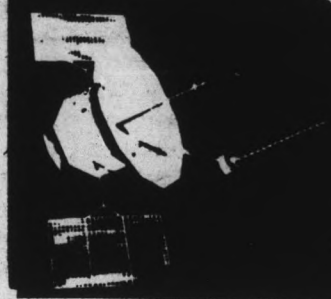
Swift's winning poem will appear next week in the Dec. 16 edition of *The Scribe*.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

from the pack at Campus Package



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FOREFRONT
OF TODAY'S
TECHNOLOGY
AS AN AIR
FORCE
ENGINEER



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GROUNDSWELL

Special Supplement

On behalf of the Groundswell editing staff I would like to thank Russell Griffin, and Lisa Sahulka and *The Scribe*, for helping to make this special edition of *Groundswell* possible.

And I would like to take this opportunity to announce that we are now accepting submissions for the spring edition of *Groundswell*, which will be in its traditional magazine format. Submissions are opened to all undergraduate students and alumni (regardless of major), and to all graduate students, law students and staff and faculty members. Poetry, short fiction, short nonfiction, photographs and graphics may be submitted to one of the Groundswell mailboxes located in the Student Center, and in the English department. We suggest submissions as early and often as possible to increase the chances of acceptance.

Active writers may be interested in Groundswell's group readings, where authors read from their works in progress. These are an excellent opportunity to have your work critiqued by your peers (and *Groundswell* editors) and for you to help critique other writers' work. It is hoped that much of the work to appear in the spring issue will emanate from these workshops, which will occur regularly next semester on dates to be announced. Non-

writers interested in listening and lending thought are always welcome.

Photography and graphics persons should be aware that we are presently in need of cover art for the spring issue. Work specifically designated for the cover should be noted as such upon submission, but will still be considered for the magazine if refused for the cover.

Again, on behalf of the editing staff of *Groundswell*, I would like to wish everyone happy holidays and pleasant reading.

Sincerely,

Douglas Swift
Editor, *Groundswell*

GROUNDSWELL

Editor:

Associate Editor:

Associate Editor:

Associate Editor:

Managing Editor:

Business Editor:

Assistant Editor:

Douglas Swift

Annette Yukash

George Scombulis

John Visconte

Pam Rogers

Lisa Sahulka

Becky Cox

The following material (pages 5-10) has been chosen by The GROUNDSWELL staff for special publication in *The Scribe*.

It should not be considered as regular *Scribe* news or feature material.

The material will also appear in the 1st issue of the GROUNDSWELL.

'Round About Midnight

by George Scombulis

The bus was freezing. The windows never did seem to shut right. The wintry shadows that fell across the dusk-laden trees seemed only to enhance the stark isolation felt by each and every passenger as they approached yet another night on the road. Some would continually shout up to Rex to turn up the heat, but they never venture to go up front near the source of heat. Instead, they would caustically call up to Rex and he would look up into the mirror, his face wrinkling into a shit-eating grin, his eyes a-smiling too, and they would think: "that red-headed bastard."

No one wanted to sit up front with the nuns and the card-playing bunch, especially when night was falling and there was music to be made. No, in the back of the bus, away from Rex's authoritative gaze, they could smoke, pull on their reefers, make love as far as the public would allow, and have a better view of Sal working on his golden horn.

It was about this time that the heads turned to watch Sal reach into the overhanging rack and pull down his saxophone case, flip off the latches and remove the sax from its velvet

blanket. Sal liked this time; it afforded him an opportunity to talk, even though it was usually within himself.

Sal sucked on the reed, tested it with his finger for the proper amount of moisture and flexibility, and slipped it into his mouth again. The passengers knew it would take a little bit of time, as did Sal; it had to be just right. Sal tightened the screws on the reed, then, very quietly, he made his sax sing a little. Passengers popped the spring latches of their seats and wrestled back the burlap-like seat coverings in an effort to obtain a more comfortable view of Sal and his shiny sax as he slowly rose up and stood in the aisle and began to move in a manner that was better than any sax player they had ever seen on film. Reading lamps clicked off, matches struck against cardboard flints that quickly ignited and set fire to cigarettes and various tobaccos; a nicotine cloud was formed from their empty exhalations.

And the coldness in the bus was blue.

So was the music in the horn.

Sal's fingers deliberately poked and pushed the keypads on his horn, his breath prying out notes that seemed that they could only

come out from between the cracks of a piano. *Round Midnight* ticked through the bus. It warmed the blueness and blanketed the other sounds of the bus: the nuns' incessant whisperings, Bill's off-color 'mangy-dog' stories, and the mantra-like hum of the road.

He thought to himself, as he sank into the melody of his thoughts, about a place not too far from here and about a time when they still had all their dreams ahead of them, when they had their separate nights of cab horns, giggles and fun, vodkas and limes; had their hearts pitched to the highest C-notes on this earth. Had his saxophone. Had her voice. Had their song.

It had all dropped out from his life—once. The saxophone. The voice. Sweet times. Love's duet.

Dolores, his mother, had worked six days a week, often twelve—sometimes fourteen—hour days for three and a half months at "Mr. Hardonco's House of Beauty" just to scrape together some extra money and see her son's face explode with color and his mouth pop open with pleasure as he beheld the sight of a saxophone laid out in its velvet case underneath the flame-resistant Christmas tree from J.C. Penney's.

Sal was nonetheless; he couldn't tune in on the proper key to express his happiness when he saw his sax. Increasingly, he became unsteady as he burglarized his twenty-year-old brain for a memory of a feeling that never existed. Soon, he totally committed himself to his sax, devoting breathless hours in a surrendering to its passionate pulsations. Bright sax—he polished it. Strong sax—he worked hard on it. Passionate sax—he loved it.

He would often go down and play before his mother and her friends down at the beauty parlor, for its twenty foot ceilings afforded a natural tremolo which would make his back-bone quiver and shake. He'd come down and play some sambas and ballads, Tastes of Honeys, Girls from Ipanemas, maybe some Satin Dolls or Mack the Knives. And his mother would be pleased. But he could never play the Monk, never Thelonious Sphere, no, never the loneliest plunk he had ever heard.

"That's my son, you know. Doesn't he play so beautiful? Doesn't he? More beautiful than anyone we ever heard... Right? Better than Boots Randolph, huh girls?"

"I'll say? He's even got your eyes, Dee. Doncha think so Millie?"

"My Gawd! I never knew that little Sallie was—oh, you know... so talented—like he's been playing that thing for a million years or somethin'... Hey, did you read about that big black guy—where was it?—I think in *People*, maybe *Star*, about he went and played all over in Russia and he was like a—ah whad-dyacallit, you know—"

"He plays the piano, too. Like Peter Nero. Well, that is, he used to play the piano, wasn't that right Sallie?... Say Millie do you think you could use a little platinum in there? It'll add a little more color to your roots, well—I mean, I'm sorry, that doesn't mean you—"

It wasn't enough, he was uncommitted somehow. Like the A-Train yo-yoing from up-town to downtown, Sal would vacillate back and forth, sax-to-piano, piano-to-sax, sax-to-piano. Furious with the piano's brittleness, its impossibility of sustaining a sound and with its inability to create the accidental harmonic overtones between F and F*, he would, again, pick up the sax until his enthusiasm would be obfuscated by a sense of creeping melancholy.

Somehow the sax seemed lonelier than a piano, not quite as capable of producing as full a sound. Maybe it needed some of the piano's brittleness. Sal wondered what exactly Adolphe Sax had in mind when he had invented it.

Soon after, everything had gone out from his life except for the despair—even the pretty girl moved away to the suburbs. Like Sal's missing father, the word "saxophone," became an unwarranted topic of discussion in the household. No longer would it sneak out from its velvet coffin just 'round about midnight and slip away with Sal out onto the fire-escape overlooking the alley and the moon that leered at the Coppertone girl on the billboard on top of Goldberg's Deli. No longer would its golden mouth beckon him to play on its lips a lover's embrace alike to a siren's song to a sailor. For even when Sal walked downtown, he took extra precautions to avoid

Continued on page 8

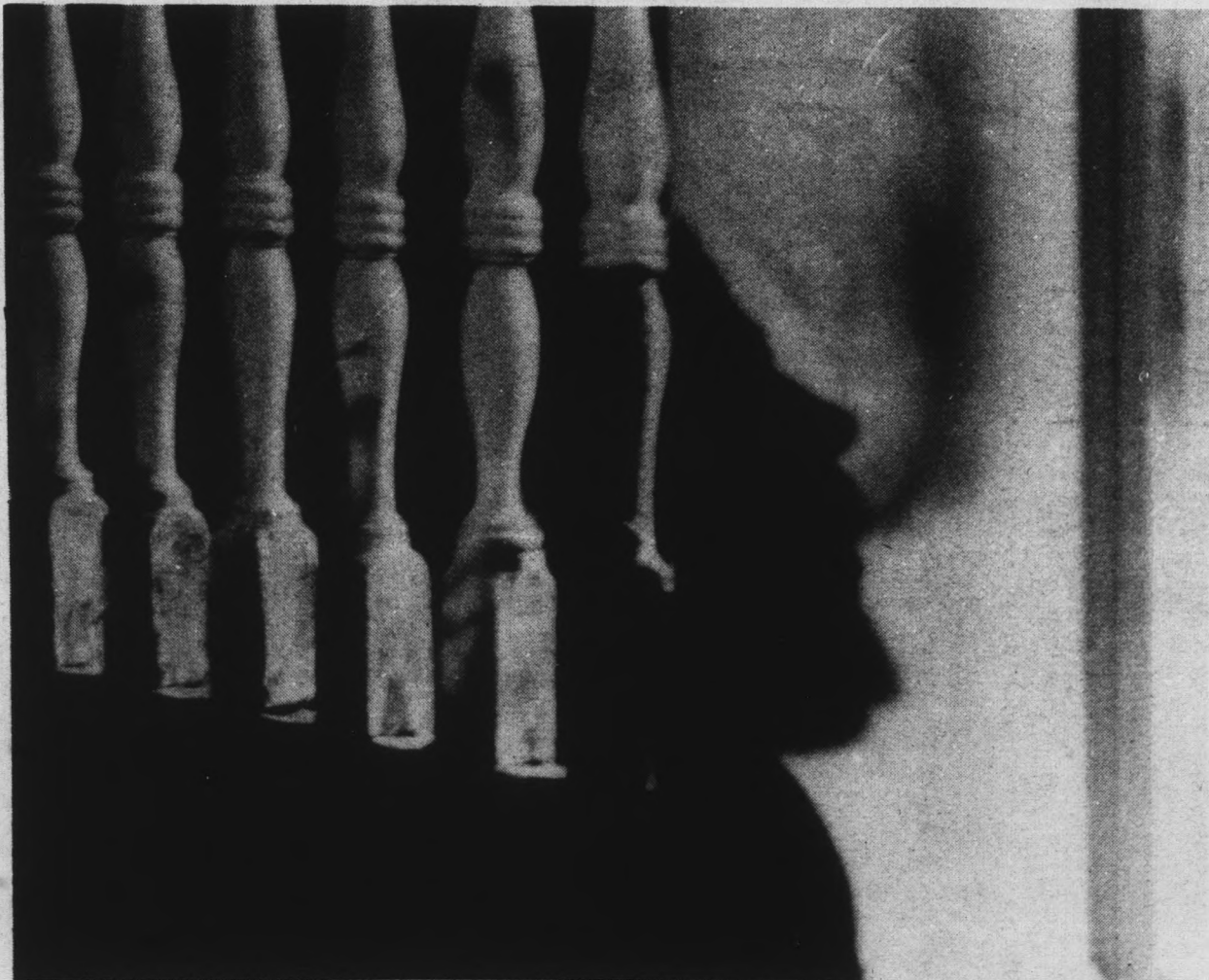




Photo by George Scombulis



Photo by George Scombulis

Janes Avenue

By Dick Allen
Charles A. Dana Prof. of English

At the end of it, the school
That was once a museum: stairs from its second floor
Led up to a huge locked door
And the reek, we imagined, of the missing mummy.

Get down from there,
Our teachers—sad Depression things—
Would shout. But we kept trying,
Small shoulders pushing; hands on the pitted black knob.

They lied it wasn't there. We knew
As sure as we knew rowboats, wind and clouds,
In that cupola room, propped on a broken desk,
A mummy stood in brown-stained strips of cloth.

We hated them for lying. Oh, we knew, we knew
When the last bell sent us home, they gathered
By the door, the Principal unlocked it;
They entered and they gazed and they were shaken.

As we wished to be. The frogs that spewed
Beneath our bicycles, the horseflies in the grass—
These were the small things they thought fit for us,
The happy children of Janes Avenue.

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East Beach

By Doug Swift

I'm standing on Sherwood Island
under a low ceiling of grey,
my feet sinking in the moist spongy beach,
my eyes searching for Long Island
which lies on the other side of a grey wall
of water and fog—it's hard to even see
where one meets the other.
My sight finally settles on a sandy sculpture,
a bright brown blanket of...

Toes in the sand, she grows from deeply tanned
feet
into rounded calves into rocky knees
into widening thighs. She's lying on her side
and grows widest at the hip,
then rounds off, down a flowing slope
and, ah! she's twisted her body,
her back spread flat on the beach,
large firm breasts penetrating the fog,
and the journey continues...

A raindrop splashes the bridge of my nose
and, as I look up, another bombs my eye.
Looking back down, I see the girl
disappearing,
washed away into the sand,
the water, the fog, and a wall of grey.

©1982
i have a special n
it turns black wh
i put my hand th
as the drops of b
i counted in them
than even Adam
the shattered gla
at sunset, when
children ran bare
i picked up the s
and squeezed the
"E pluribus unu
(out of many, on
and each distinct
individual with i
became like all t
covered in blood

in a moment of p
i let go
and set them all

Better check to
because it's tha
it's either early
and it's that tim
or stalls or dies
It's that time th

April's natal white h
and nudges you out
everyone else sleep
It moves you gently
is the pure white sky
rounded out gently b
by the sounds of bir
dddl, ddll, weet, cer
dadleet, ddll, dadlee
Even the green leave
seem to be suspens
returning it to the sl

Yesterday the sun w
burned away by the
as if forbidden to hu
But in this morning
You've never seen th
or the olive-green bu
against the dark gre
Everything looks lik
revolving on its ease

You can't see the bir
though you look. Th
open up in places lik
that even the insides
And there, on a bran
is a lone sparrow, ju
He makes you wond
who are singing. Ma
the earth makes whe
You feel sonorous in

Then the sparrow tu
into the tree. From f
drawing into it the s
like an explosion mo
and for one moment

But...archaic hunks
rev back to life. And
and grown-ups swea
and lawn mowers bu
have all silenced the
and make you feel li

the

Untitled

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pecial mirror
back when i look into it
and through it once
ps of blood fell
in them more creatures
Adam himself could name
ered glass looked like islands
when everything is red
an barefoot over the jagged landscape
p the shards in my hands
ezed them together
us unum" i said
any, one)
distinctive fragment
l with its broken edges
ke all the others
n blood

ent of pain

hem all free

4:37 a.m.

Doug Swift

neck to make sure the earth is turning around
it's that time of day, or night, well
r early morning or late at night,
that time when everything stops,
or dies or cries—only to itself.
time that no one else ever knows about.

While All the Children Slept

By Doug Swift

white hand reaches through your window
ou out of sleep, just you. It lets
sleep on. Even your house sleeps on.
gently to your window, and the first thing you see
hite sky above you—hanging like freshly washed sheets
gently by the wind, held up
s of birds, a whole orchestra of birds:
eet, cerrder, weet, dill;
dadleet, cerrder, cerr, dadleet....
n leaves on all the trees
suspended by this song, imbuing and imbued with whiteness,
o the sky.

e sun was shining, but everything felt specious,
by the excess light, or hidden—
n to human sight—by the shade.
orning whiteness everything is real.
seen the purple of the lilacs before,
reen buds of the yew—so virginal
ark green branches of years and springs past.
oks like a freshly done painting
its easel, drying in its light.

the birds that perform for this morning,
ook. The leaves of the beech outside your room
aces like windows, and peering in you can see
insides of the trees are cleansed in white.
a branch in one of the smallest windows,
row, just sitting there—he's not even singing.
a wonder if there are any birds at all
ng. Maybe it's just the noise
kes when everyone is sleeping.
rous in this window in a tree.

row turns suddenly and walks from his window.
From far away, a car horn pierces the air,
it the sounds of the birds
sion momentarily seizes the sounds of its witnesses
moment, everything is still, stunned.

hunks of steel—petrified engines—
fe. And the sounds of children fighting,
ps swearing,
wers buzzing
ced the earth
a feel like it will never sing again.

Last October

By Doug Swift

It starts as fire starts.
Certain trees—the red maple comes to mind—
catch first. The fringes burn,
spread inward and upward
until the whole tree is in flame.

People watch from cool distances.
Every amateur photographer is made good
by the sacrifice.
But the prophet is lured
to each hand-like leaf.

Confucius' wisdom, Indian love of land—
look how they burn,
golden leaf to ghostly cloud
settled on bare branch.
Look up through the maple and be blinded
by the pure white fireball.

No one saw
the final leaf dropped into the air,
swinging as it fell
like a small child,
his first itme on the tire swing.

It hit the ground so hard
nothing moved.

My Lime-Colored Car

By Doug Swift

My lime-colored car is turning to rust.
My whole world is falling apart.
The engine's O.K. It's the frame I don't trust.

Broken by rust I'll be stranded with lust
Out in the cold, in a car that won't start.
My lime-colored car is turning to rust.

One more pothole—the bumper'll bust,
The wheels will go rolling (I can't see that far).
The engine's O.K. It's the frame I don't trust.

Scraping for change, I'll ride on the bus.
Or I'll run—they say running's good for your heart.
My lime-colored car is turning to rust.

It won't use much gas if it turns into dust.
I've got a lime-colored lemon—it can't be a car.
The engine's O.K. It's the frame I don't trust.

It doesn't look bad but it's only the crust
That's holding the thing...and I'm falling apart.
My lime-colored car is turning to rust.
The engine's O.K. It's the frame I don't trust.



Photo by Annette Yukash

'Round About Midnight

Continued from page 5

all the pawnshops. Whenever he saw a tortured saxophone standing next to a Fender guitar or a Gretsch drum-set, it would stare down at him like an accusation. Like an orphan.

Interlude: Scherzo Intermezzo at the Bridge

They had talked it all out of themselves, twisting all their tag endings into witty little knots tying their relationship into a tricky coda. The meaningful memories were secretly removed, Monk-like, these key memories; these mental notes were removed from the melody; Sal would have to play from the score, relearn the material, and never have regrets about what was past. His voice deteriorated into squeaks and squawks which atrophied into the past; he lost his voice as he and the pretty girl riffed back and forth, call 'n response, traded fours for one last time in a be-all end-all finale to their relation. They monkied the hell out of each other until he fell out. So alone. So low. And at this time he lost it at the bridge.

"Sal, I'll be the one who'll call you, O.K.? It just has to be this way, at least for a while—a long while, regardless of what... Well, you needn't feel this way... abandoned... Lighten up, Sal. You'll need it back and I'll always be there, too... I promise... We'll still be there where 'it's always night,' doing more Monk, not just bop, not just jazz, not just sex or whatever made him say—or whatever made you say after you tore the picture of Billie Holiday off from my apartment wall—whatever made him say, Well, you needn't. C'mon huh? Ruby My Dear, it really wouldn't work out. Damn Sal... Sal it was oh-so nice. I am really touched by your proposal but it just wouldn't work out. Besides, my parents are still E-piss-trof-feed at you for that Criss-Cross. Remember?... Al-reet, remember how much he used to say that like a little bird chirping. Al-reet, remember how happy he was to see some people dance like the way we did when we tore up the Five Spot. Al-reet. Al-reet. He was so happy for us, Sal. I—I do mean you, Sal. Understand?... O.K., alright... Who knows? Who really knows?... You're right, it's suburban eyes and straight no chaser for you. And it isn't over-over. We'll still be dancing to the dissonant logic of the loneliest... C'mon huh? You'll still be there in your flatbed seventh hat and I'll be rootie-tootie with the shoulder slips, saluting 'n tippin' and carin' 'n funnin' 'n bookin' 'n bookin' like the weatherman in the bushes."

On and on she went and Sal never heard a note she played. He was confused by this vamped out cadenza. Her syncopated sentence structure snapped out the broken time that talked in his heart. Skat song. Scatah. Shoo-boo-be-doop-do-pah.

He was at the bridge, a big band swinging with the Monk banged along in his brain. He stopped and turned to her, "Nice work, when you can get it."

He walked over the bridge, the footpath over the east-west traffic of the turnpike. He walked toward the row of pawnshops, thinking that some of the folks will always be missing those notes that just aren't there, but they'll be humming along just the same. Humming out loud from the corners of their jagged mouths; when they'll all be dancing with bopping bent knees, slow dragging it out in minor styles and coolly muted miles down sly and sassy streets, laughing in broken time, driving a voiceless heart. He cried in step with his thoughts.

0 0 0

There is a time when it all comes back again.

For Sal, it was a Monday night in February and it fell out into his room from the cool grey-blue shadows of his T.V. set and in the form of a PBS jazz special. Like Sherman stepping into Mr. Peabody's way-back machine, Sal was teleported back into 1957 and plopped into a front row seat to watch Monk, Miles, Mingus, and the Bird play it out before Art Blakey's scraping brushwork. There was this time.

It was one of those performances where time stops and the arpeggios never land where you expect them to land for not even the confines of the T.V. screen could corral and harness that type of inspiration, at least not this time. Sal couldn't believe it. There they were, Monk, Miles and the boys working

it out, swimming in the dust, smoke and magnesium rays of the follow spots, clutching with sweat to their instruments as if they were hallucinating, their bodies swaying like reeds in the flickering interplay of shadow and light, bringing a little peace, joy and laughter into their world.

And then there was Bird, who filled his lungs and breathed into the inanimate metal horn with his thick loving lips phrase after phosphorescent phrase that circled and then skyrocketed from the stage and burst out into a molten suspended chord with such an intensity that it expanded and reached so far above the midnight blue sky over Newport that night that it began to freeze and hang in the sky like a diamond pointed star until Monk melted it back down with his ivories into tremulant riveletes of ninths that slowly trickled down in a twinkling whole tone cascade, swirled and effused with silence, which, finally, smashed a flattened seventh down onto a diminished minor that resounded in the loneliest-plunk Sal ever heard.

The program was soon over. Time receded into midnight, the calendar's hairline marking off tomorrow's desires and yesterday's regrets. Sam was crying as he turned off the set. A saxophone had pulled him totally out of himself, beyond all ache and imperfection, so into this ringing purity, this other, that he barely noticed the telephone ringing. A saxophone had made him cry. He heard the voice and the pretty girl could only listen, though she smiled when he said that he wanted it back.

Sal had this dream. He lived it, too. He had come back to see his old-time-who-used-to-be right where they had left, somewhere in Bel-air, Illinois, a town he once threw over for a shiny sax and some dazzling sex. Once a bona-fide preppie now a renegade, a refugee from a disconcerting affair, he has returned. It is midnight in this sleepy town; this town with its white-washed picket fences, with all of their dogs locked up for the night and their people all tucked in and wheezing in their sleep, and he's walking his pretty girl on home. Walking with her and his sax. All of this night, they had spent at a pond near the end of town. He has blown the moon to sleep, then the stars, and he blew indigo into the night; the mood of the angels when the whole world is asleep and God's smile is about to break the grey-blue dawn. He played near the rushes and the trumpeter swans took notice because they started to dance, chase a little tail and play a bit of honk of their own. They knew this wasn't any ol' reed player poking around their pool. And she knew it too, for she didn't seem to mind wherever he put his lips, for in love the other is always the one. He played on. Leaves on the oaks whooped in admiration, the willows, transfixed by the rhythms, sashayed and shook, the swans drifted over, leaving feathers of glorious hues in their wake as they took flight and splashed straight into his horn, only to rise out in music, as swansongs, as songs about leave-taking and about what one would be leaving behind.

Sal rose off the grass and started their walk again, beside him, but always a little behind, followed the pretty girl.

"Hey Sal wait. Wait, huh. Christ, it's been almost three years and gee—well, I thought you were so glad to see me and be back together and all that—well—Hey, maybe you should stay longer, huh? Howaboutit. Come on, your life can wait a little while longer... besides I haven't heard you play 'Round Midnight yet."

"Hey, what the hell is this shit, huh? Do you remember a time when—ah, skip it, it's so fuckin' confusing and all. Besides what else is there to say. Da fuck, a thank you is never quite enough nowadays... or maybe I should say something queer like, ah, there's always a Paris somewhere, huh? I can't do this shit anymore, be romantic, be this, be that—'where are you?' 'where's the rest of me?' 'where am I going?'... Ya'know, there was once a feeling that mattered more than anything else in this world. A part of that feeling was you. Now I have to find the other part."

Down the musty streets they walked and Sal began to poke his sax into a song, hesitantly and flirtatiously skirting with a long plaintive introduction that bore no resemblance to the almost obligatory introduction that Dizzie had attached onto it.

"C'mon Sal. That's not it, you're doin' it all

wrong."

"You're wrong. This is 'Round Midnight' and you will hear the song. You'll recognize it, you always will, just let it breathe a little. O.K.?"

Sal tickled the introduction once more before slipping inside the head of the song, brewing it out for its full flavor and richness before delving into its more melodious passages.

Willow trees and streetlights alike bowed their limbs in courteous respect; the lavender flowers on the pretty girl's dress began to melt onto her skin, disappearing into the bottomless wells of loveliness that flowed beneath her flesh. And they walked like that. Past all the shuttered houses, past all the dreams of the sleep-stiffened bodies wiggling from comfort into freedom just before flying out in sonorous release, like all the grace notes liberated from between the cracks of the piano keys to jam into the embraceable night. And they jam. And they jam into the belly of the calico cat that just scampered across the street and sleazed its way into the cool blue shadow beneath the Pontiac, making it so fat that it was about to explode. They jam into doorbells and underneath welcome mats. They jam with the electromagnetic static that jams through the network of wires that stretch themselves overhead. They jam through windows, walls, floors, doors, ceilings, everywhere corkscrewing their way into earlobes, eyesockets, orifices and pores. Jamming underneath the streetlight near the edge of town, he would blow his own jazzy heart through the bell of his own dolorous horn just before the cops would come and flash him away.

And now, its pieces were scattered like blue petals all over the highway and no one could ever pick them up: no willow tree, no streetlight, no swan, no calico, not even the pretty girl who could never quite understand. The bus soared away into the silent music of the night accompanied only by airless sounds bidding their way in lightless time—like every love he'd ever lost. They knew who would be there to pick her up. They both knew who and what was up there, those who had heard their smiles and seen their cries. Up here, down here in that velvet coffin. He never lost it. Or had it stolen. Or pawned it. Sal would never give it up. One never loses their holy ghost. You either notice it or you don't.

Sal was asleep, his dreams were in a land where lush colors and sonorities rule the day, where angelic arrangements reeled in their own eclecticism and his sax shone brightly. The glistening gold glare of a cold early morning sun reflected off from the tightly held sax onto his forehead as Rex downshifted into a lower gear, careening the bus around an inclined bend heading east. Last night, from the bell of his beautiful sax body, they heard through everyone's favorite song: a day comes creeping 'round about midnight, singing its favorite swan song.

The Triumph Of Eddie Poole

(Or When the Worm Really Turned)

(C) 1982 by DIANNE R. SEVERANCE

Eddie Poole sat bolt upright in his Naugahyde recliner. He was watching the New Year's Day Rose Bowl Parade on the new color television he had bought the family for Christmas.

In color, the parade was a miracle to behold, and Eddie had sat through it and all the other parades completely entranced. Now, a long, yellow, wormlike shape came into view on the TV screen. It had a round, smiling face, two vacuous holes for eyes and two springs with Styrofoam balls at the points where ears would have been. The TV camera zoomed in for a close-up of the yellow worm's face. To Eddie, its smile was almost smug. The camera then panned out for a full view of the worm.

Eddie stifled an urge to belch and sighed, "That's wonderful!" He felt as if a whole new world was opening before his eyes. It was worth the effort to sit up straight and record every detail in his mind.

Eddie Poole lived in an ordinary house on a side street off a not very impressive boulevard of an average city.

Continued on page 9

Continued from page 8

Eddie himself was not outstanding. A little worn from his forty-five years, he stood about five feet, five inches and was of slender build. He had a thin, sallow face, watery blue eyes and lank, dark hair, which he could never keep free of oil. He had a constantly running nose and a persistent urge to belch. These last two qualities were what people noticed most about Eddie Poole.

Eddie's job was equally mundane. For eight hours a day—seven in the morning to three-thirty in the afternoon with a half-hour for lunch and two coffee breaks—he sat at a long bench putting threaded bolts into some other thingamabobs and releasing them onto a slow-moving conveyor belt.

He'd leave his job, jump into his ten-year-old car and drive home, blending with the traffic along the way. At precisely 3:47 p.m. each day, he'd park his car in his garage.

Entering his home, Eddie invariably would belch once and sniff three times. His wife Erna was thin, short and dark, and so were his three children. All three children—two school-aged boys and three-year-old Debbie—had the same chronic sniffle. And Debbie was beginning to belch a lot.

The family would eat an ordinary, definitely not *haute cuisine* dinner at 4:30 p.m. Afterwards, Eddie spent his evenings in the basement workshop rearranging some more funny little nuts and bolts. He'd come upstairs and watch the 10 o'clock news on one of the low-brow TV channels, have a beer and go to bed. Once a week, he and Erna would have sex.

No one noticed the glitter in Eddie's eyes when he saw the worm. After all, Eddie's eyes never sparkled before.

The next day, Eddie brought home from work a brown bag and took it down to his basement workshop. Every night thereafter, he brought home one of those bags and took it to the basement. He told his wife Erna to make sure she had all the laundry done before he came home because the washer and dryer were in the basement.

"I'm building something special, and I don't want anyone in my way," he said firmly, surprising himself.

In the spring, the neighbors all began to rake their yards, prune their hedges, bushes and trees, and "get ready for warmer weather." Not Eddie Poole. He began transporting brown paper bags from his basement, through the metal hatchway, across the small yard and into his garage. The 10-year-old car was relegated to the driveway.

Eddie didn't sniffle very often any more. He'd stopped belching weeks ago. And he began asking for sex more than once a week.

A few days before Memorial Day, Eddie Poole called in sick to work. By 7:10 a.m., he was out in the garage. He didn't stop working for lunch or supper. At 10 o'clock that night, Erna opened a can of beer, took it to the garage and hollered, "Eddie, it's 10 o'clock. I have your beer, and the news is on."

Eddie opened the side door of the garage a bare slit. He grabbed the beer and slammed the door in Erna's face. He didn't hear Erna cry, "Oh!" (softly, so the neighbors wouldn't hear) and run, weeping, into the house.

Memorial Day in this gritty city had fallen the way of many dreams of a "purer age." A few old vets would be hobbled to cars—old convertibles lent by the car dealers for public relations, read: free advertising. The high school bands would assemble at the foot of the boulevard. From there, the parade would go to a small park a mile or so away, near City Hall. The mayor would give a brief, bored speech, and the observance would break up with cheers. The kids in the bands would cheer the loudest because they were glad to get the chore over with for another year. And the old vets would totter back to oblivion until next time—if they lived that long.

So, on this Memorial Day, nobody expected anything different.

At 7:01 a.m., Eddie Poole backed his car out of the driveway, turned it around in the street, and backed it into the driveway, snug up to the garage door. A shiny, new, rented chain trailer hitch was attached to the rear bumper. It glistened saucily in the sun.

At 7:07, Eddie opened the garage door halfway and slid out a couple of chains and a trailer connection, a V-shaped contraption. He zeroed his mind in on each manual task to

allay his excitement. By 7:43, he had the car hitched to the thing in the garage.

Eddie checked his watch. The parade, he knew, started at 10 a.m. every year. Rallying time for the steadily declining number of participants was 9:15 sharp. Eddie didn't want to be late.

At 8:15 a.m., Eddie Poole raised the garage door all the way, then ran to his car, jumped in, started it up and shifted to low gear.

As Eddie's car moved slowly down the driveway, a huge object emerged from the garage.

It was a long, yellow worm with a smiling face and springy things in place of its ears and two vacuous holes for eyes.

Looking out the window, Erna screamed. The older boys hollered "Holy shit!" in unison, and the baby stopped a belch in mid-eruption.

The neighbors left setting up their hibachis and walked over to the car.

"Whereya goin' with that, Eddie?"

"What the hellizat, Eddie!"

"Hey, Eddie, doncha got better things to do wicher time?"

"Hey, Eddie, I think you went bananas!"

Eddie heard all the commotion. He didn't understand what all the fuss was about. He was at peace. He kept on driving.

Aided by a huge spring constructed under the creature's plastic skin, Eddie was able to maneuver his creation into a right turn and onto the street. By now, the entire neighborhood was standing outside. They fell into an awed silence as the worm stretched to nearly a city block's length. From a point just ahead of the middle, the worm's magnificent tail lashed like that of a Bengal tiger, just as Eddie had envisioned it would. He laughed as he looked in the rear-view mirror and felt the perfect balance of his work as the car towed it along. Clearly, the worm was a work of genius. Eddie headed for the boulevard and the parade, and he noticed everyone on the way deserting their back yards and hibachis to see the sight.

As he expected, all traffic stopped when Eddie Poole wheeled the worm onto the boulevard. By the time Eddie and his worm were near the parade's rallying point, a patrol car was driving alongside, its lights flashing and siren whooping.

The policeman, an overweight young man with a red face, jockeyed the car alongside Eddie's, and Eddie dutifully stopped.

"Wherein hell're you goin' with that?" he demanded.

Eddie held his eyes straight ahead. "To be in the parade," he replied quietly.

"You can't be in no Memorial Day parade with that! That...that thing is a dishonor or somethin' to our vets!"

"But look," Eddie gently pointed out, "there's people here to watch them now. Biggest crowd in years."

"This is Yellow Two-One-Zero. Requesting assistance on a Code Seven-Six. Whaddya mean you don't know a Code Seven-Six! It's Breach of Peace and a lotta other things! This guy here's got this big yellow monster he's gonna put in the parade!"

Eddie was serene as other police cars came. He listened quietly as the many police officers, from the captain on down, argued how they could stop a city-block worm from getting into the parade when the driver just sat there and ignored them. He felt relief, but from a distance, as the captain declared it wasn't worth setting up a roadblock and risk damaging the shiny new cars recently added to the city's lawkeeping fleet.

Eddie and his worm reached the rally point just behind the last carful of nodding old vets and just ahead of the last youthful marching band.

The parade snaked its way up the boulevard, moving slowly past the building crowd. Local TV newscasters reported that officials estimated the crowd at 50,000 people and growing. Somebody began to cheer at the sight of Eddie and his worm, and the crowd followed suit, as crowds do. In front of Eddie's car, the toothless old vets smiled and frantically waved their plastic flags in gratification that people finally remembered them. No one had the heart to tell them about what was behind them. The kids following Eddie's worm played their hearts out, whenever they could stop laughing.

Eddie felt as if his senses had expanded. He

could hear and see it all, and he felt enveloped in the crowd's delight.

The parade reached the park in front of City Hall. The vets turned to share with each other their joy in the day. Then, they saw the worm. They sat impassively, as people do when they do not comprehend the world anymore.

All the high school kids swarmed around the worm with a buzz of joy that hummed through the streets. Eddie Poole tingled all over.

His ten-year-old car emitted a death rattle, and a black cloud escaped from under the hood. Eddie Poole sat with a neon-light smile on his face.

The police chief and the mayor called the entire police force and fire department to the park.

The police chief went up to the microphone set up for the dignitary speakers.

"You, there. Get that (mumble) thing outta here!"

Eddie Poole wasn't scared. He shook his head. He smiled to a few nearby cops. "Can't. Car died." Some kids cheered, and Eddie allowed himself a soft chuckle.

Big, burly cops persuaded Eddie to leave his car. They took him to the police station lockup, where he was booked on charges of breach of the peace, creating a public nuisance, impeding a parade, illegal parking, driving an unfit vehicle, and a few other charges Eddie couldn't remember. Eddie didn't struggle as the cops shoved him into his cell. There was a window overlooking the park where Eddie could watch the action.

Outside, the crowd grew. The vets stayed. By nightfall, TV reporters had come from the national networks. The crowd was estimated at 300,000. People built bonfires. They did some other things. It was a fun night.

Eddie Poole enjoyed it all. Briefly, he thought of Erna. With his heightened awareness, he was able to visualize her as she packed up the three kids and went to her mother's. He felt a little regret, but that emotion, like his relief earlier in the day, stayed outside of his core of serenity.

The next day, Eddie Poole was arraigned. He pleaded guilty to all of the charges.

The judge, a steel-handsome man, demanded, "Why do you enter these pleas? Obviously, you were trying to impart a message of some kind. I can refuse to allow these pleas to be entered on the record and order a continuance for you to reconsider your position. You should also obtain legal counsel."

Eddie Poole felt even calmer than he had the day before. He shook his head. "No, your honor. I want my pleas to stand."

The judge scowled. "In that case," he replied severely, "I shall suspend further action until the defendant undergoes proper psychiatric evaluation. I hereby commit you, Eddie Poole, to the care of the superintendent of Meadow Hills State Hospital for a period not to exceed thirty days."

Eddie Poole tolerated all the interviews, the questions, the amusing tests. Nothing could mar his serenity.

He wasn't surprised when the psychiatrists read him their findings. "Subject is exceedingly normal, almost to the point of dullness, able to differentiate between right and wrong and able to understand all proceedings against him."

Eddie Poole was returned to court. The judge asked him if he would change his pleas to not guilty. "You are aware that you face up to one year in jail and fines of up to one thousand dollars on each of the charges if you persist," the judge warned sternly.

Unfrightened, Eddie replied respectfully, "Yes sir. But my pleas stand."

"Then, I have no choice but to impose all of the maximum penalties!" the judge bellowed. Eddie smiled.

One of these days soon, Eddie Poole will get out of prison. He doesn't sniffle or belch anymore, even though he works in the prison factory putting little nuts into bigger bolts and sending his work away on a slow moving conveyor belt. He smiles a lot to himself, a wispy little man enjoying his triumph.

For his worm is still standing outside City Hall. The veterans' organizations called for a referendum of the city's populace on what to do with the worm. The citizenry voted four-to-one to keep the worm where everyone could see it. Later, they enclosed it in a large, glass garage to protect it from the elements.

Creative Madness

by Jacquie Herz

I set up my rituals. First the coffee—black, no sugar, and preferably in the pink, white and brown striped mug. Then I must have my cigarettes. Sometimes I'll smoke while I type but most often I smoke while I'm thinking. The green ashtray is large and filled with too many butts smoked too far down. There's a broken radio alarm clock on my desk. The clock is what's broken (it forever remains at 6:02 AM)—the radio works fine and is giving off sounds of Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn. Sometimes it's on very low, other times louder, depending on my degree of concentration. The desk which used to be our dining room table is always cluttered—an old copy of *The New Yorker*, pages of unfinished, finished and barely begun stories, bills from Hoffman Fuel, Helco, Snet, Terminix, and one for interest from the University of Bridgeport for \$2.70. Maybe I should clear my desk, I tell myself each time I come to sit at the typewriter, it would probably help clear my mind. But I never do. When I've finished this story, when I've read the book on the Australian Tiwis that was supposed to be read by last week, when the laundry is done, when I have some extra time. That's what I really tell myself.

In front of my desk are two large floor to ceiling windows. The view is wonderful—I feel as though I'm sitting out in the middle of the woods—and I never tire of watching although I know it as well as my own face by now. I stare out at the birds and squirrels and find myself daydreaming—about future stories I'm going to write, about the time I'll be a full fledged writer or at least have the guts to call myself one, about the fifty pages I promised myself to write by May and it's already February, and most of all how I can organize my life so that I have more time to imagine...

Penelope Dunn—asked to be on the Dick Cavett Show because of a brilliant first novel—now sat under the flowering apple tree watching the tadpoles swim about in the pond at the bottom of the garden. It was a wonderfully warm day, the sky was a brilliant blue and everywhere around her there seemed to be activity—birds busy building nests, trees rustling their leaves as if to show off their new finery, and little animals scurrying about, playing, eating, copulating. Which reminded her—it was time. It's been six months and now she felt about ready to burst open. It had been her own doing, or rather undoing, that she now sat here alone, the sun beating warm on her bare white legs, with her thoughts so concentrated she was sure she would have an orgasm just thinking about it.

"Isn't it rather unusual," Cavett asked her in his drawl, "to finish a book, and such a brilliant one, in only six months? Do you mind my asking how you did it?"

"Um...no. I don't mind telling you." She crossed her legs, took a sip of water, cleared her throat. "I literally did nothing else for those six months but write."

"But you're married and have two children. How did you manage it with them?"

"Oh well, you see, at first they didn't believe I would stick to it—I mean my schedule—and then when they realized I was serious about my writing and that I was going to hide myself away until the book was finished..."

"What do you mean by hiding yourself away?" he asked as though for the benefit of the audience.

"Well...that I stayed in my study all day and all night. I didn't come down for meals—I just grabbed bites at odd times during the day—I didn't do the laundry, I certainly didn't do any shopping—I had everything delivered. I just wrote." She smiled. Cavett uncrossed his legs and cleared his throat, obviously uneasy.

"Then what became of your family?" He took a sip of water.

"After about two weeks, they decided to move out and leave me to it."

"Was it that important to you to finish your book in such record time?"

"No, no. That wasn't my intention. It didn't matter to me if it took ten years to finish. It was just that I had to devote all of my time entirely to it. It was necessary for the novel. I had to become its servant, its catalyst or it could never have been born."

It was like a third child. Only, not growing at a normal rate, it demanded her constant and intent care—as though it spent its short life on the verge of death. Yes, always on the verge of death, and if she let go even for one moment, it would be gone forever. That was how she tried to explain it to her family on that terrible snowy night last December.

"I know this may sound crazy to you but I feel I have a duty to the rest of mankind," she told them. "I mean, can you imagine your life without Mozart or Van Gogh? Well, the world will not be able to imagine what it was like before Dunn." She looked at the three blank faces of her family. It was no good—they didn't understand. They couldn't imagine losing her to a dream, a conviction, a duty. "But when my book is written..."

"It'll be too late, too late for us," her husband broke in sourly. "You made a commitment many years ago to me and then you made another commitment when you bore your children. Those should be your first convictions—not the rest of the world."

The packed suitcases were already standing in the front hall. She did nothing else to stop them. She only wondered about their safety leaving in the snow storm and for how long they had planned this night.

"Do you have any regrets about your family leaving you now that the novel is behind you?" Cavett asked her.

"No, not really. You see, I can't allow myself regrets, otherwise I would have never done what I did to start with."

"You mean you don't think you would have been able to write that book with your family intact?"

"That's right. I made the choice then and there can be no turning back anymore. I never once second guessed myself." Cavett smiled at her, she sounded so sure of herself.

"Are you religious?" he asked her.

"It's funny you should ask me that because before I started writing I wasn't a bit religious. But now I feel as though my writing were divinely ordered. It's as if I were put on this earth to write. Do you know what I mean?" He nodded. "Otherwise," she went on to explain, "I should never have let my family go as easily nor would've I been able to write this," she said, pointing a shaky finger to her book sitting on the little table between them.

The warmth of the sun caressed her long thin body stretched out on the grass. Her rubber thongs, a copy of her book and her sweat-shirt lay in a pile by her feet. Suddenly she felt an urge to strip off her clothes and give herself to the sun and the air. She wished she had a man at that moment. She lay there thinking about the last time she had made love, so many months before. It wasn't good. She had been too involved with the book—it had sapped her of all energy, especially sexual. And in the back of her mind was the idea that her creativity was boosted by her sexual energy. So she had abstained from love-making and created a masterpiece. It had worked. But now the urge was all consuming. She could feel her clitoris swollen against the thick seam of her cutoff jeans. Slowly she unzipped them. But the pressure and the throbbing was still there. She couldn't stand it. She pulled at the cutoffs, pulling them down around her thighs and after a moment's thought, took them and her white cotton undies pants off, flinging them to her feet. The sun burned on her naked belly and the tops of her open legs. Involuntarily she began to move her hips. The grass tickled her bottom making her move faster and faster until she felt the sun penetrate—deeper than any man could.

She was shaking all over. Every nerve ending in her body seemed to be raw. She opened her eyes to look at the sun but instead she had a vision. She saw herself like Mary the Virgin having had a consummation with God. She sat up and rubbed her eyes. Is my book

the next Messiah? Is it the word of God?

"That's very interesting," Cavett said. "So you believe in divine providence, in God-given fate?"

"Yes, I suppose I do."

"Then you'd believe that there'd be no way for us to improve our lot in life. That hard work and drive are all for naught. Is that it?"

"I don't know. I can't say it is for sure..."

"But you are implying that. You're also saying that for the sake of art, you can destroy, with divine permission. And that you're above humanity, so to speak, above the rules of living. Is that right?" He sounded angry. In all the times she had watched him on T.V. she had never seen him this way before. She didn't know how to answer him. She felt trapped. If she answered yes, then he'd come down on her for all the people out there striving for a better life. If she answered no, he'd tell her how rotten she was for not being a wife to her husband and a mother to her children, that what she worked for these last six months was all for naught because she's destroyed that which, after all is said and done, is the most precious in a human being's life.

"You're lucky," he said, "your time is up. We have to say goodnight." He waved at the cheering studio audience. She felt uncomfortable and couldn't wait to leave, but Cavett motioned her to stay because the cameras weren't off yet, so she did. Finally the hot lights went out and she got up. He came over to her, shook her hand and apologized for putting her on the spot. It's all right, she told him and quickly left the theater, her book and her limelight still sitting on the stage.

If Cavett had asked me that question now, I would have known what to answer, she thought. Yes, now I know. She pulled her bare knees into her chest and, watching the tadpoles again, the inspiration for her next novel seeped through the sunlight and into her mind as though it were God-given.

The sun is going down in the sky. I begin to feel a chill in my study. The children are home from school and watching T.V. There is no food in the house so I can't cook dinner. But maybe I can take the time now to straighten up my desk. After all, how could I possibly think about writing when bills to be paid are staring me in the face all the time?

the Scribe

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"BEST FRIENDS"

Goldie Hawn and Burt Reynolds Team

Up For Holidays

By Bosco Hearn

"I'm smarter than people give me credit for," says big-eyed Goldie Hawn. "I mean, I have moods and levels, like anyone else. Sometimes I feel klutzy and girlish, other times I feel very sophisticated...not funny, just grown-up and womanly." Then she

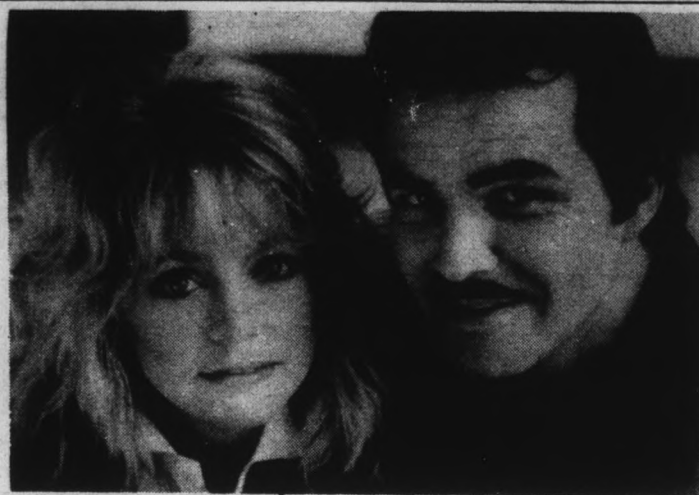
bursts forth with her trademark giggle, and it's there again, the endearing waiflike charm that lets her say anything and get away with it.

What she's getting away with this time is, among other things, a haphazard honeymoon with co-star Burt Reynolds, whom she loves dearly but marries under pro-

test in *Best Friends*, a romantic comedy about a pair of screenwriters whose love affair is everything a going relationship ought to be—until they wed.

All That Glitters

"Goldie is like one of Elizabeth Taylor's diamonds," says Reynolds. "She has so many facets you



never know where the next sparkle is coming from."

Her first producer, *Laugh-In*'s George Schlatter, puts it another way. "You don't know whether to take her to bed, or home to mother."

In fact, the self-described "nice Jewish girl from suburban Maryland, who just wanted to dance, raise a family and be happy all the time," is in reality a new kind of comedienne in motion pictures. A contemporary collage, if you will, of film's favorite funny ladies.

She admittedly started out as the latest in the 'dumb blonde' category (Judy Holliday in *Born Yesterday*, Marilyn Monroe in *Some Like It Hot*, Lucille Ball in anything). These were the sweet bumbler who didn't quite know the strength of their sexual appeal, who got by on a dizzy inverted wisdom that seemed to spring from their instinct.

Hawn fit right in with her original television persona as

the giddy, bikini-clad, line-mangling regular of *Laugh-In*. The series made her a star and launched her reign as America's favorite new comedienne. The image—and the appeal—was reaffirmed through her first films.

Winner of an Academy Award for her supporting role in *Cactus Flower*—her motion picture debut—Hawn continued her lovable kook character with Peter Sellers in *There's a Girl in My Soup*, with Warren Beatty in *8*, and in *Butterflies Are Free*.

But with her most recent films—*Foul Play*, *Private Benjamin*, *Seems Like Old Times* and now *Best Friends*—she has moved closer to the other kind of romantic comedy heroine...the brisk, bright achievers like Katherine Hepburn and Rosalind Russell who intrigued men, but got laughs from the audience when they were finally "put in their place."

LOOKING FOR KICKS...?

What About Burt?

"I gravitate toward certain roles because they're what the audience expects of me," says Burt Reynolds.

"But every so often, a script comes along which is more personal. And I say, 'Okay, this one's for me.'"

That was the attraction, he admits, of *Starting Over*, for which he won critical acclaim as a newcomer to the ranks of the recently divorced, opposite Jill Clayburgh and Candice Bergen (both Oscar nominees).

It's the way he feels about *Best Friends*.

"It's a very funny script," says Reynolds. "But when I read it, I was struck by something more, a ring of truth. The reason, I suspect, is that Valerie Curtin and Barry Levinson who wrote it also lived it. They had their own harrowing honeymoon to draw on."

The timing of the project was fortunate, Reynolds goes on. "Goldie Hawn and I had been talking for five years about doing a movie together. She's someone who makes me laugh, really laugh. We used to send each other notes about projects we liked."

"But we always ran up against the same problem. The male role dominated the female character or vice-versa. They didn't seem to be writing the kind of give-and-take comedies that Tracy and Hepburn used to do. Then came *Best Friends* and Goldie was as enthusiastic as I was. I told my agent to make a deal and not let money become a stumbling block. I meant it but, fortunately, he refused to take me seriously."

In recent years, Reynolds' asking price has been rumored to run as high as \$5 million, reflecting his status as one of the few stars whose signature on a contract is as bankable as a letter of credit.

"When I was first offered a paycheck with several zero's in it, I thought it would be immoral to accept it. Then I came to the realization that if anyone was crazy enough to hand me several million dollars for a few weeks work, it would be even more immoral to turn it down."

However, money is seldom the criteria by which he chooses from a steady stream of proposed projects. Friendship frequently comes in first by a wide margin.

"It means a great deal to me to work with people I enjoy," he says. "The first day on the set of *Best Friends* for example, Goldie and I picked up each other's rhythm immediately. She said to me, 'Do you believe this? Is this crazy?' It was as if we'd been playing those characters together for years."

The importance of friendship to Reynolds is typified by his long-time association with pals like Dom De Luise and Hal Needham.

Other friends with whom he kept up a running rapport, throughout his rise to stardom, were the actors with whom he shared a studio affiliation during television's early days.

"Three of us, Clint Eastwood, David Janssen and I saw a lot of each other at the time," he recalls. "Then we were all fired from our series on the same day—Clint because they said his Adam's apple was too big, David because of the way his ears stuck out and me...well, they said I didn't have any talent."

"We went out drinking that night and I said, 'Friends, I can always learn to act...but you guys have had it.'"

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"HONKYTONK MAN"

New Eastwood Film To Rake In Xmas Bucks

Clint Eastwood is a man who enjoys his work. His sense of dedication and his commitment to filmmaking have evolved from participation as an actor to directing and producing as well. *Honkytonk Man* is indicative of the Eastwood perspective, his approach encompassing all phases of production.

The film is another transition in the Eastwood list of memorable characters. Red Stovall, the "Honkytonk Man," is a country musician with a special human touch. He is a singer-songwriter who is traveling from California to Nashville, Tennessee, because he has a chance to audition for the Grand Ole Opry. The setting is the era of the Great Depression and elements in the film speak of hard times and economic struggle. However, this was also a period of roadhouse bars and dreams of stardom, all of which is tied in *Honkytonk Man* to a relationship between Red and his 14 year old nephew Whit (Kyle Eastwood).

Honkytonk Man is a concept, adapted to film by Clancy Carille (who also wrote the novel of the same title) which Eastwood found appealing because of its scope and the range of opportunities it presented. The character of Red Stovall brings together the aspects of single-mindedness with sensitivity, while likewise affording Eastwood the chance to expand on Red's sense of timing and his quick-witted irreverence. His insight is especially interesting as it relates to the character of Whit, through whom most of the story is projected. Here Eastwood took another gamble, choosing his son to play the part. His confidence in Kyle has been rewarded tenfold, proving once again that his instincts are in harmony with his objectives.

Eastwood: Man With A Billion Dollar Squint

There is no argument in Hollywood concerning Clint Eastwood's ability to generate interest in a film simply through his presence, or, of equal importance, for mastering the logistics of film production and direction. Eastwood's approach to his craft has always been practical and straightforward, with little patience for inefficiency or affectation. The man prefers to let his work stand on its own merit. He is low-key and unassuming, with nothing in his manner to suggest the fact that he is the world's foremost film star and boxoffice draw, or that his films to date have grossed close to one billion dollars.

Initially, Eastwood was more interested in athletics than acting, having consistently resisted the efforts of drama teachers at Oakland Technical High School to enlist him in school

plays. After graduation, Clint worked as a lumberjack in Oregon, was drafted into the Army, and, upon discharge, entered Los Angeles City College. He worked at a great number of jobs while trying to get started as an actor, including gas station attendant, forest fire fighter, and apartment house manager.

A job delivering trucks to Universal Studios brought him in contact with the motion picture world. An army buddy on the lot got him a screen test and Universal signed Clint Eastwood to their standard contract at \$75 a week to start. In his 18 months at Universal, Eastwood appeared in a host of assembly-line program pictures like "Revenge of The Creature, Francis In The Navy, Lady Godiva, Tarantula, and Never Say Goodbye, a testament to his patience and preparation for opportunity.

After leaving Universal, Eastwood appeared in a few more films (*Lafayette Escadrille, Ambush at Cimarron Pass*) when he was, in the best Hollywood tradition, "discovered" by a casting agent for CBS-TV, who signed him for a co-starring role in a new series, *Rawhide*, where Eastwood was to play cowboy Rowdy Yates for eight years.

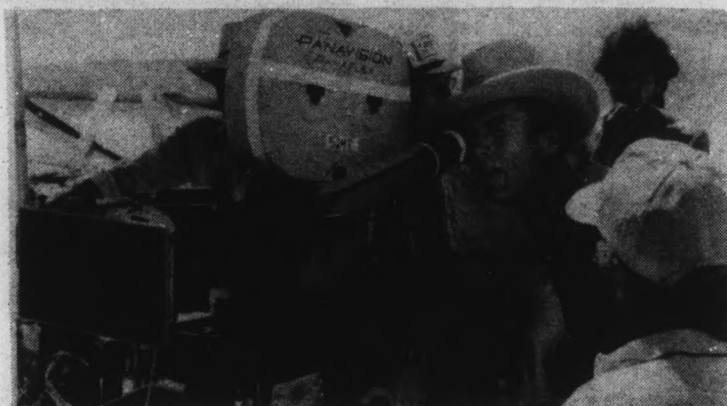
It was when Eastwood accepted the lead in a European-made feature shot during the hiatus between *Rawhide*'s seventh and eighth seasons that the transformation to Clint Eastwood, international super-star began. A *Fistful of Dollars* was shot in Spain for the sum of \$200,000 by an Italian director named Sergio Leone. The year was 1964 and nobody had ever heard of the expression "spaghetti western."

A *Fistful of Dollars* opened to tremendous business all over Europe. Eastwood's laconic, cheroot-chomping "Man With No Name" blended in perfectly with the Leone approach to the classic western. Clint became an instant culture hero, and was signed the following year to repeat his role in *For a Few Dollars More*, at triple his salary for the first. The next year brought Leone's grandest production, *The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly*, and Clint Eastwood personality had been forged.

His first American starring role in *Hang 'Em High* brought United Artists the fastest payoff of profits in history. Clint then starred in *Coogan's Bluff*, which marked the beginning of his association with director Don Siegel, the dean of American contemporary thrillers. They worked together on *Two Mules For Sister Sarah*, and *The Beguiled*, establishing a lasting friendship and a close working relationship.

In 1971, after Eastwood had

starred in the tremendously popular *Where Eagles Dare, Paint Your Wagon*, and *Kelly's Heroes*, he and Siegel reunited for the classic *Dirty Harry*. This film elevated the police movie to serious boxoffice commercial status. Once again Eastwood helped to re-define the course of motion picture commerce. Likewise, while the western was con-



Above: The man with his eye behind the Panaflex is none other than Clint Eastwood, whose latest film, *Honkytonk Man*, is in the initial stages of its holiday release. Sharing the spotlight with big Clint is his son Kyle, who makes his feature film debut. Eastwood's films are known to be action-packed and entertaining. They also make a hell of a lot of money for their studios. No tax write-off, this.

sidered a shaky investment venture, Eastwood still scored repeatedly with *High Plains Drifter*, *Joe Kidd*, and *The Outlaw Josey Wales*. At the same time that the police thriller had come and gone, Eastwood's *Dirty Harry* sequels, *Magnum Force* and *The Enforcer*, each grossed in excess of \$50 million.

Not content to remain complacent with his immense acting success, Eastwood turned to directing. His debut effort, the joltingly effective *Play Misty For Me*, featured a startling performance by Jessica Walter, a clear indication of his leadership. His subsequent efforts as director included *High Plains Drifter*, *The Eiger Sanction*, *The Outlaw Josey Wales*, *The Gauntlet*, *Bronco Billy*, and the recently released *Firefox*. While Eastwood starred in all of the aforementioned features, he confined himself to his place behind the camera for *Breezy*, the touching love story starring William Holden and Kay Lenz.

Every Which Way But Loose

marked another transition in a career highlighted by Eastwood's keen insight regarding entertainment value and audience preferences. He followed this film with the gripping *Escape From Alcatraz*, again with director Don Siegel, the highly praised *Bronco Billy*, which he directed himself, *Any Which Way You Can*, the *Every Which Way But Loose* sequel, and his eighth film as a director, *Firefox*.

Honkytonk Man is Eastwood's ninth film as a director and certainly one of his most important challenges as a filmmaker.



Words From His Own Mouth

"I always prefer shooting on location," Eastwood explains, "it's easier because a crew can get wrapped up in the spirit of a film when working away from soundstages and a major studio environment. I cast my crews as carefully as I cast my actors. I think that's why I've been fortunate in having happy, democratic crews. When we move, we move together as a unit, and we

don't stay on location too long. I like to have momentum, to keep the spirit and energy going. I don't think I could work slowly if I had to."

Eastwood's attention to detail and his responsibility to the questions of cost and schedule have made him one of Hollywood's most effective directors. He works closely with his executive producer, Fritz Manes, his production manager, Steve Perry, and the key personnel who, at any given moment, might be needed to fill a gap in the schedule with a pick-up scene or a move to another location.

"When I decided to make this film I realized that it could be done expediently if all of the elements were in place before we started. I like to think that I have one of the best teams working with me in the business. I like to be around people who can think on their feet, who can pull together and get things done without a lot of fuss and bother. I try to set things up so that there is a comfortable working atmosphere for everyone, not just actors or special crew members. This is especially important when you are shooting on the move and you need input to keep the ball rolling.

And All For Only Four Dollars Or So

Honkytonk Man is a special film from Warner Bros. Scheduled for Christmas release, Clint Eastwood stars as Red Stovall, a hard-drinking country musician who lives his life performing in roadhouse bars during the Great Depression era. Red is a singer-songwriter with a chance to appear on the Grand Ole Opry. Unfortunately, he has to travel from California to Nashville, Tennessee, in order to audition.

With his guitar, his aged limousine, and just enough money to make it to the next town, Red sets out for Nashville, stopping along the way to visit his sister in Oklahoma, patch up his car, and clear his drunken head. His relatives decide that Whit, a 14 year old farmboy, should accompany his uncle the rest of the way, helping him drive the car and watching out that Red doesn't drink too much.

Honkytonk Man is a sentimental adventure based on a relationship between a man and a boy who, through his experiences with his uncle, finds himself much wiser in the ways of the world. Likewise, it is a world he is seeing for the first time.

Ticker-Tape Headlines

From The World Of Entertainment

by Ted Murbly

RCA Records Releases Bowie & Bing Xmas Single

RCA Records has released a special Christmas single featuring a David Bowie-Bing Crosby duet on "Peace On Earth/Little Drummer Boy." The two superstars originally performed the tune on Crosby's final holiday TV special "Bing Crosby's Merry Ole Christmas" in 1977. The single is packaged in a 4-color picture sleeve from the show. I don't know about you, but I find this act of grave-robbing just a little too spooky.

Having spent the past year working in film, Bowie is currently working on an album of new material in Europe. In spring 1983, Bowie will launch his first worldwide tour in more than five years. The tour, which includes dates in the U.S., Europe, and the Far East will continue through November. A tour schedule will be announced in early '83.

In addition to the music tour, Bowie will be on view in two major films. *The Hunger*, filmed in London and New York, and co-starring Catherine Deneuve and Susan Sarandon is set for an early '83 release. The just completed Nagisa Oshima film, *Merry Christmas*, Mr. Lawrence, also featuring Jack Thompson and Tom Conti, is being edited and will be released in 1983. So, we'll be seeing plenty of old Dave in the very near future.

Joseph Papp's New Jazz at the Public presents Lester Bowie's "Root to the Source" Friday & Saturday, December 17 & 18, 1982.

Root to the Source, trumpeter Lester Bowie's gospel, soul, jazz and blues revue, will have its New York debut at the Public Theater on Friday and Saturday, December 17 & 18.

Lester Bowie has one of the most active imaginations in the music business and a singular ability to make things happen. Aside from leading his own quintets, he is a member of the Art Ensemble of Chicago, has worked with Jack DeJohnette in the New Directions band, organized the memorable Sho Nuff Orchestra (58-pieces), recorded with Fela Anikulapo Kuti in Africa, jammed with Roy Eldridge in New York, and recently organized an all-trumpet extravaganza called the New York Hot Trumpet Repertory Company.

Performances are Friday and Saturday, December 17 & 18 at 11:00 pm nightly. All tickets are \$7.50. For additional information, please call the Box Office at 598-7150.

Disney Takes "Peter Pan" Out Of Mothballs For Christmas

Set in the boundless landscape of fantasy, Walt Disney's animated version of Sir James M. Barrie's "Peter Pan" returns this Christmas to delight

moviegoers of all ages. For four bucks a pop.

The classic story of the boy who would not grow up includes the memorable characters of Peter Pan, Wendy, Tinker Bell, the vile Captain Hook, and his blubbery first mate Smee. Since it first appeared on a London stage in 1904, "Peter Pan" has rekindled youthful dreams of audiences the world over. Walt Disney Productions continues a long-standing tradition by re-releasing one of its classic animated films for the holidays.

Disney's version of "Peter Pan" was first released in 1953. Disney artists took many of their creative cues from Barrie's original play directions and annotated scripts. Walt Disney's idea was to realize "Peter Pan" in the fashion that Barrie himself might have told the story had the art of animation been at his disposal back in 1904. I bet Barrie never dreamed that "Peter Pan" would bring in as much money as it has thus far. Millions! And some people have to work for a living.

In color by Technicolor, "Peter Pan" features the vocal talents of Hans Conried, Bobby Driscoll and Kathryn Beaumont. Directed by Hamilton Luske, Clyde Geronimi and Wilfred Jackson, the animated feature is a Buena Vista re-release.

Hey, have a great holiday season. Throw a snowball for me. Be seeing you!



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